Mon There is a thing within my bosome tells me
That no conditions of our peace can stand.
Hastings Feare you not, that if we can make our peace,
Vpon such large termes, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall consist vpon,
Our peace shall stand as firme as rockie mountaines.
Moub. Yea but our valuation shal be such,
That euery slight, ...d false deriued cause,
Yea euery idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall to the King taste of this action,
That were our royal faiths martires in loue,
We shall be winow'd with so rough a wind,
That euen our corne shal seeme as light as chaffe,
And good from bad find no partition.
Bish. No, no, my lord, note this, the King is weary
Of daintie and such picking greeuances,
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
Reuiues two greater in the heires of life:
And therefore will he wipe his tables cleane,
And keepe no tel-tale to his memorie,
That may repeate, and history his losse,
To new remembrance: for full wel he knowes,
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion,
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That plucking to vnfix an enemy,
He doth vnfasten so, and shake a friend,
So that this land, like an offensiue wife,
That hath enragde him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holdes his infant vp,
And hangs resolu'd correction in the arme,
That was vpreard to execution.
Hast. Besides, the King hath wasted al his rods,
On late offendors, that he now doth lacke
The very instruments of chastisement,
So that his power, like to a phangles lion,

May offer, but not hold.
Bishop Tis very true,
And therefore be assurde, my good Lord Marshall,
If we do now make our attonement well,
Our peace wil like a broken limbe vnited,
Grow stronger for the breaking.
Mow. Be it so, here is returnd my lord of Westmerland.

Enter Westmerland.

West. The prince is here at hand, pleaseth your Lordship
To meet his grace iust distance tweene our armies.

Enter Prince Iohn and his armie.

Mow. Your grace of York, in Gods name then set forward.
Bishop. Before, and greete his grace (my lord) we come.
Iohn You are well incountred here, my couſen Mowbray,
Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop,
And so to you Lord Hastings, and to all.
My Lord of Yorke, it better shewed with you,
When that your flocke assembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to heare with reuerence,
Your exposition on the holy text,
That now to see you here, an yron man talking,
Cheering a rowt of rebells with your drumme,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death:
That man that sits within a monarches heart,
And ripens in the sun-shine of his fauor,
Would he abuse the countenance of the King:
Alacke what mischeefes might he set abroach,
In shadow of such greatnesse? with you Lord bishop
It is euen so, who hath not heard it spoken,
How deepe you were within the bookes of God,
To vs the speaker in his parliament,
To vs th'imagine voice of God himselfe,
The very opener and intelligencer,
Betweene the grace, the sanctities of heauen,
And our dull workings? O who shal beleeue,
But you misuse the reuerence of your place,

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